

Bound Promise by quixr3v

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-15 21:21:58

Updated: 2017-11-17 20:27:25

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:54:56

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,739

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Starts immediately at the end of Season 2 before one month fast forward. Fluff with tingles of a concept.

1. Chapter 1

With everyone out of the tunnel, the car's headlamps began to shine with an impossible blinding intensity. The other four shut their eyes and quickly added their hands. However, for Mike, the light was warm and familiar.

"El," he said, not even consciously vocalizing her name. Mike found himself bathing in this embrace and then collapsed.

Her in his mind, them in their future.

At the lab, Eleven dropped to the ground as the gate closed, but swore she heard Mike's voice, like she "heard" him many times in the past year, before that. She vaguely realized Hopper was wrapping her in a hug and heard him saying that she'd done good.

Her mind drifted out of consciousness, but not before saying "Mike."

Dustin and Lucas were quick to examine their fallen friend. He had a pulse, but seemed to be otherwise unresponsive to their shaking and shouting. Steve told them to cut out the latter and heard a faint whimpering of "El."

Elsewhere, Hopper, El, and the elevator reached the top. Carrying El, he put her down for a second when he heard the radio buzz.

"Mike fainted, but he murmured El's name. Oh, and we went out, but it was the kids and not me" said Steve.

Having noticed that El did the same thing, he couldn't prescribe it to chance that the two tans collapsed simultaneously. Furthermore, she kept murmuring something which he now was sure was Mike's name.

"Get back to Joyce's. Heading there now."

Picking Eleven back up he hurried out of the control room, though stopped at the stairwell

with Owens.

"Doc, I'll be right back from you. Getting her out before they come back. She did it. It's closed"

"Go," said Owens empathetically.

With Steve driving, they returned. Mike being laid down on the couch, while the others sprawled down in the living room, exhausted. This babysitter of sorts also radioed to Nancy that she might want to come back.

Nancy and the Byers were able to beat Hopper home and she rushed to find Mike in a fitful sleep on the couch.

"He's been like that since he collapsed," said Lucas. To which Dustin and Max recounted the plan to get El to the gate unimpeded. Nancy brushed Mike's curly head of hair and noticed he had begun to sweat from his forehead, though he wasn't particularly warm.

She took off his sweater, bandana, and gloves, hoping to cool him down.

At that Jonathan carried an exhausted Will in, which made Lucas and Dustin excited to see their friend. Joyce quietly shushed their excitement.

"I'll put him in my room. Maybe Mike can have his," said Jonathan.

Nancy agreed and began to lift him up.

It was then that Hopper walked in with El in his arms.

At the same time, the two started to stir, with Mike untangling himself from Nancy arms. He moved to El, but didn't get too far before falling. Fortunately, Steve caught him before he reached the ground.

Meanwhile, El began moving and flailing her arms towards Mike's direction. Steve, with an idea, moved the two together, but before he

even got close Mike flew out of his arms towards El like metal to a magnet.

Hopper stumbled backwards, but was able to expand his grasp to prevent both of the kids from following. El and Mike were now in a tight embrace, heads leaning on each others shoulders, while arms around their respective middles.

Throughout this, all the participants of the room were slack jacked at the literal force of attraction.

"Cool," said Dustin.

"Let's move them to a bed," said Hopper with Nancy helping.

As Mike was being moved from the couch he felt Eleven outside.

El felt her Mike even before she crossed the threshold of the door and called out to him when they were a little closer.

Their magnetic draw towards each other caused a spark to explode in their heads. Their previous heat and worry ended and they fell to a peaceful, happy sleep. Feeling the other physically, but also somewhere in their minds.

When Nancy and Hopper finally got them to bed, the Chief pulled off her heavy black coat. Immediately, Mike and El's hands touched and held each other's.

In their minds, this freeing and flinging of arms caused even more comfort for Eleven and Mike.

"This is going to be a thing," said Hopper to no one in particular.

"They were already a thing last year," Nancy remembering their interaction in the middle school. "He never admitted it, but he was so lost without her."

Hopper harrumphed, "You don't know the half of it. She's been

wanting to sneak out to him for the past year. Not to mention the thing she can do with her mind to visit people."

"Looks like I can't take Mike home. Shit, we're late for dinner."

Joyce volunteered that she'd call her parents to note that Mike was staying over for the night and that she'd take him to school the next morning.

Sometime past midnight El and and Mike's eyes flashed open at the same time.

"Hi," they said at the same time, though neither realized their mouths hadn't moved.

Smiles immediately came to their faces as El slowly raised her fingers to stroke Mike's cheek. He felt electricity shoot through the side of his face, while she felt a lesser tingling on her finger tips.

Wanting to return this feeling of pleasure he did the same for her and her eyes slammed shut enjoying this feeling and the fact that he was here with her in person after having waited for so long. She leaned into the palm of his hand and put her hand on top of his.

Her eyes opened and she kissed him. Not a quick peck, but a long embrace on the lips. Mike returned in kind. By accident their tongues briefly and accidentally touched and a new electricity shot through them.

When they parted, embarrassed, Mike ran a hand through the back of her hair, lightly gracing her scalp and she smiled that brilliant wonderful smile that he so long wished to see.

They moved closer so that they could rest their foreheads together, falling back asleep.

2. Chapter 2

"Mike, come on wake up," heard the boy in question as he was being shaken awake.

His heavy eyelids droopily opened and realized where he was as he sat up. Nancy was kneeling by the side of the bed.

"Hey, how do you feel?"

Words not properly formulating, he just shook his head.

"Come on, school's in half-an-hour. Brought you some clothes. You should definitely shower."

Still groggy, he found himself being helped up off bed, but found that the hand holding onto El's prevented him from getting clear. Sitting back down, he delicately unfurled them and was trudged into the shower by Nancy.

Ten minutes later he was sitting at the Byers' kitchen table with Nancy and Jonathan eating toast. Joyce came in a few minutes later noting that Will was still sound asleep and asked how he was doing.

"Fine, just super tired."

Hopper then came into the kitchen after checking up on El. He had spent the night at the lab.

"She's still asleep. What was with the two of you last night? You collapsed at the same time."

"I don't really remember. The last thing i remember was the light and later after that..." Mike was about to continue onto the midnight kissing, but stopped. Eyes, at least Hopper and Nancy's, were looking at him and he begun to blush.

"I remember 'talking' to El for a minute last night," he finished.

Fortunately, he was saved from responding with Jonathan noting it

was time to go if they wanted to drop him off first.

"Ready?" Nancy asked.

"Hold on a second," Mike said as he rushed out the kitchen straight to where El was. He sat at the space he'd vacated not twenty minutes ago.

Remembering the night before, he gently stroke her cheek and gave her forehead a peck as he

rushed out grabbing his backpack.

He almost ran into Hopper as he did.

"Is she, will she still be here after..." Mike was asking a bit flustered.

Hopper getting his meaning nodded and stopped out of the way.

Mike sat in the backseat, while Jonathan and Nancy were up front.

"We'll pick you up after school since you don't have your bike," she said.

"Oh, thanks," Mike also thanking Jonathan.

The two were talking up front and Mike was gazing out the window. However, he was facing front when he saw Nancy gracing Jonathan's resting hand during a light.

Mike smirked, slightly more audibly than he intended to, causing Nancy to glare at him through the rearview mirror.

"You two," Mike began.

"Yes," said Nancy, causing Mike to smirk again.

"Well, you spent the night in a bed with a girl."

Mike blushed, before retorting, "Like you haven't."

At this the duo up front gazed at each other to which Mike yelped, "You have!"

By this point, they were turning into the school's driveway and Mike got out.

"Not a," bellowed Nancy from the window, but the intended recipient was already out of earshot. "Oh screw it. He's going to be fine."

Mike met the others and Max in first period and they slapped his back as the last time they saw him he was a passed out heap. They asked about Will and Mike answered.

Throughout the day, Mike felt remarkably groggy, though surprisingly managed to absorb everything in the background and was able to answer every question asked of him.

He excused himself from hanging with the group by heading to the library, promising that he was fine and didn't need them to accompany him. Finding a table, Mike stared into space for a second, feeling not fully awake. Not wanting to keep over in the library he took out paper and book and began working on a just-assigned essay.

He was quite fair into it when the bell for fifth period rang.

"How was school?" Nancy asked him as they were driving back to the Byers' residence.

"Fine. I mean, I stayed awake. Still zapped," Mike drowsily leaning his head on the window of the moving car.

He was jolted upwards by both the car rolling in, but also another feeling that made him feel awake for the first time that day.

"El," he said to the car and then rushed out to where she was.

Just moments before, El began stirring, as noticed by Hopper who was standing vigil, and Joyce who just joined him after checking on a still slumbering Will.

Eleven's dreams throughout the day were weird. In and out of

consciousness, she saw glimpses of hallways and crowds and classrooms like she briefly saw the year before. This only lasted for seconds and sleep came back for her. For the most part, she was still taxed out and physically her muscles ached from the night before.

However, her eyes then shot open and she found Hopper and Joyce by her bedside.

"How are you kiddo?" Hopper asked as Joyce went to get water.

"Better," El said as Joyce gave her a glass to drink. She gulped it down and finally felt feeling returning to her body.

It was then that Mike rushed in and she stood up sharply. The two smashed into a hug that found them back on the bed.

"I missed you. It's the afternoon now, I just came back from..."

"I know," El replied wrapping her arms around him even tighter.

"How are you? Hurting all over, but not so tired anymore."

They talked like this for another minute, before they heard someone clear their throat. They finally broke their deep gaze to see four pairs of eyes looking at them, though the other two were doing so through the doorway, one of them smirking in revenge. Eleven and Mike blushed profusely and detangled. Sitting on the bed, though they kept holding hands.

"Do you remember what happened last night?" asked Hopper.

The two kids immediately thought of their late night session, blushing in the process, but shook their heads in a lie.

As they were about to be questioned further, El stood up saying she had to use the bathroom. Joyce led her and suggested she also take a shower, as she was still wearing yesterday's clothing and covered in grime and some traces of blood.

Hopper went to grab a bag that had her toiletries from home, the Chief having briefly returned to the cabin to check on the state of it.

This left Mike in the room alone, though Eleven glanced at him one last time before they were out of range.

He went to pull things out of his backpack and complete the earlier essay that he had worked on in faster time than he realized.

Elsewhere, El was getting into the shower, feeling a brief jolt as the water began coursing on her aching, weary muscles.

In the room, Mike felt getting warmer and took off his jacket, breaking the breakneck speed of his writing.

El was washing her hair with her preferred flowery shampoo. When she opened her eyes to wash the suds away, she found herself back in the bedroom.

Mike paused again as he felt something in his head. Something warm and familiar, but also a squeeze and mental tightness, like a headache. In an instance, he snapped his head and peered directly at a spot in the wall that El was several yards behind.

Said snap was enough to startle El out of that moment. She shut the taps off, quickly dried off and got into the clothes Hopper brought for her. Noticing that neither Joyce or Hopper was outside, she ran towards Mike.

The boy in question was pacing when El walked in and closed the door, leaning back on it to gaze at him.

The two then jumped into a hug in each other's arms.

"I saw," she began.

"Yeah."

"Morning too, while I was sleeping. I saw the school again."

"Oh," Mike said as he guided them to sit down on the bed, though heads still resting on each other's foreheads. "You were asleep all day. Maybe that's why I felt so groggy, oh... dazed, ah, umm" he was cycling through words to define it, feeling that she might not be aware of it, but was beat to it by her.

"Tired..."

"Yeah," confirmed Mike.

"How did I know that?" she began.

"Know what?"

"The word. Oh maybe you..." Mike was about to begin when he felt a flash of memories that knocked him down on the bed as his hands went to his head. He saw a cabin in the woods. Television watching and book reading as seasons seemed to change.

Moments ago, panic set into El as an equal panic shot through his face and Mike keeled over on the bed.

It stopped, or rather he was broken out of the hyperreal reveries, as El held the sides of his face in her hands.

"That was you," he said through gasped breaths. "The past year."

She nodded.

After this, they seemed to realize that they were laying on top of each other and their cheeks began to flush. It could have been paralyzing embarrassment, but neither moved and just stared into each other's eyes.

As droplets dripped from El's still wet hair, she moved so that they were still staring, but now both on their sides.

Mike unsurely brushed aside a curl of hair covering her eyes and brushed her forehead in the process. They both felt a spark emanate from that point of contact. He leaned into kiss her forehead, but she readjusted so that their lips came into contact instead. It was magic the first time the night before, and it was again now.

They parted eventually, but eyes never left the other.

"We should..." Mike started.

"Before they get suspicious," El finished, ending with a word that she

was sure wasn't hers.